

MEASURE for MEASURE ⁽²⁾

A
COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

THEATRES

IN

LONDON and DUBLIN.

Written by WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



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Dramatis Personæ.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of Vienna.*

Angelo, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.*

Escalus, } *an antient Lord, join'd with Angelo in the*
 Deputation.

Claudio, *a young gentleman.*

Lucio, *a fantastick.*

Two gentlemen.

Varrius, *a gentleman, servant to the Duke.*

Provost.

Thomas, } *two Friars.*
Peter, }

A Justice.

Elbow, *a simple constable.*

Froth, *a foolish gentleman.*

Clown, *servant to Mrs. Overdon.*

Abhorson, *an executioner.*

Barnardine, *a dissolute prisoner.*

*I*abella, *sister to Claudio.*

Marina, *betrothed to Angelo.*

Juliet, *beloved of Claudio.*

Francisca, *a nun.*

Mistress Overdon, a bawd.

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *Vienna.*

M E A-





MEASURE for MEASURE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Duke's PALACE.*

Enter Duke, Escalus, and Lords.

D U K E.



S C A L U S, ———

Escal. My Lord.

Duke. Of Government the properties
t'unfold,

Would seem in me t'affect speech and
discourse.

Since I am not to know, that your own Science
Exceeds in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you : then no more remains
Put that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people
Our city's institutions, and the terms
Of common justice, y'are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our Commission,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither,

A 2

I say,

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A 2 I say,

I say, bid come before us *Angelo* :
 What figure of us, think you, he will bear ?
 For you must know, we have with special soul
 Elected him our Absence to supply ;
 Lend him our Terror, dress him with our Love ;
 And given his Deputation all the organs
 Of our own Power : say, what think you of it ?

Escal. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
 To undergo such ample grace and honour,
 It is lord *Angelo*.

Enter Angelo.

Duke. Look, where he comes.

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
 I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo.

There is a kind of character in thy life,
 That to th' observer doth thy history
 Fully unfold : thyself and thy belongings
 Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
 Thy self upon thy virtues ; they on thee.
 Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,
 Not light them for themselves : for if our virtues
 Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
 As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
 But to fine issues : nor Nature never lends
 The smallest scruple of her excellence,
 But, like a thrifty Goddess, she determines
 Herself the glory of a creditor,
 Both thanks, and use. But I do bend my speech
 To one that can my part in him advertise ;
 Hold therefore, *Angelo* :
 In our remove, be thou at full our self.
 Mortality and Mercy in *Vienna*
 Live in thy tongue and heart : old *Escalus*,
 Though first in question, is thy Secondary.
 Take thy Commission.

Ang. Now, good my lord,
 Let there be some more test made of my metal,
 Before so noble, and so great a figure
 Be stamp't upon it.

Duke.

Duke. Come, no more evasion.
 We have with a prepar'd and leaven'd choice
 Proceeded to you ; therefore take your honours.
 Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
 That it prefers itself, and leaves unquestion'd
 Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
 As time and our concernings shall importune,
 How it goes with us ; and do look to know
 What doth befall you here. So, fare you well,
 To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
 Of your Commissions.

Ang. Yet give me leave, my lord,
 That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it ;
 Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
 With any scruple ; your Scope is as mine own,
 So to enforce, or qualify the Laws,
 As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand ;
 I'll privily away. I love the people ;
 But do not like to stage me to their eyes ;
 Though it do well, I do not relish well
 Their loud applause, and *Ave's* vehement :
 Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
 That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heav'ns give safety to your purposes !

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness !

Duke. I thank you, fare you well. [Exit.

Escal. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave
 To have free speech with you ; and it concerns me
 To look into the bottom of my place :
 A pow'r I have, but of what strength and nature
 I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me : let us withdraw together,
 And we may soon our satisfaction have
 Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your Honour.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E, the STREET.

Enter Lucio, and two gentlemen.

Lucio. If the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not to composition with the King of Hungary, why, then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

1 Gent. Heav'n grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary !

2 Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious Pirate, that went to sea with the ten commandments, but scrap'd one out of the table.

2 Gent. Thou shalt not steal. ———

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 Gent. Why, 'twas a commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions ; they put forth to steal ; there's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, doth relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 Gent. I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee : for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

2 Gent. No ? a dozen times at least.

1 Gent. What ? in meeter ?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 Gent. I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not ? grace is grace, despite of all controversy ; as for example, thou thy self art a wicked villain, despite of all grace

1 Gent. Well ; there went but a pair of sheers between us.

Lucio. I grant ; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

1 Gent. And thou the velvet ; thou art good velvet ; thou'rt a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee : I had as lief be a list of an *English* kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a *French* velvet. Do I speak feelingly now ?

Lucio. I think, thou dost ; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech : I will, out of thine own
con-

confession, learn to begin thy health ; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done my self wrong, have I not ?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast ; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio. Behold, behold, where *Madam Mitigation* comes.

1 *Gent.* I have purchas'd as many diseases under her roof, as come too —

2 *Gent.* To what, I pray ?

1 *Gent.* Judge.

2 *Gent.* To three thousand dollars a year.

1 *Gent.* Ay, and more.

Lucio. A *French* crown more.

1 *Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me : but thou art full of error ; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say healthy ; but so sound, as things that are hollow ; thy bones are hollow ; impiety hath made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 *Gent.* How now, which of your hips has the most profound sciatica ?

Bawd. Well, well ; there's one yonder arrested, and carry'd to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 *Gent.* Who's that, I pr'ythee ?

Bawd. Marry, Sir, that's *Claudio* ; Signior *Claudio*.

1 *Gent.* *Claudio* to prison ? 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis so ; I saw him arrested ; saw him carried away and, which is more, within these three days his head is to be chopt off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so ; art thou sure of this ?

Bawd. I am too sure of it ; and it is for getting madam *Julietta* with child.

Lucio. Believe me this may be ; he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 *Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 *Gent.* But most of all agreeing with the Proclamation.

Lucio. Away, let's go learn the truth of it [Exit.

Manet Bawd.

Bawd. Thus, what with the War, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to prison.

Bawd. Well, what has he done?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his Offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clown. No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the Proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What Proclamation, man?

Clown. All houses in the suburbs of *Vienna* must be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clown. They shall stand for seed; they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down.

Clown. To the ground, mistrefs.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the commonwealth; what shall become of me?

Clown. Come, fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients; though you change your place, you need not change your trade: I'll be your tapster still. Courage, there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, *Thomas Tapster*? let's withdraw.

Clown.

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Clown. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Provost to prison ; and there's madam *Juliet*.

[*Exit Bawd and Clown.*]

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers. Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' World ?

Bear me to prison where I am committed.

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from Lord *Angelo* by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the Demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight
The words of heaven ; on whom it will, it will ;
On whom it will not, so ; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why how now, *Claudio* ? whence comes this restraint ?

Claud. From too much liberty, my *Lucio*, liberty :
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by the immoderate use
Turns to restraint : our natures do pursue,
Like rats that ravin down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil ; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I
would send for certain of my creditors ; and yet, to
say the truth, I had as lief have the foppery of freedom,
as the morality of imprisonment : what's thy offence,
Claudio ?

Claud. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is't, murder ?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Letchery ?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, Sir, you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend . — *Lucio* a word
with you.

Luc. A hundred ; if they'll do you any good : is
letchery so look'd after ?

Claud. Thus stands it with me : upon a true contract

I got possession of *Julietta's* bed,

(You know the lady) she is fast my wife ;
 Save that we do the denunciation lack
 Of outward order. This we came not to,
 Only for propagation of a dower
 Remaining in the coffer of her friends ;
 From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
 'Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
 The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
 With character too gross, is writ on *Juliet*.

Lucio. With child, perhaps ?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new Deputy now for the Duke.

(Whether it be the fault, and glimpse, of newness ;

Or whether that the body publick be

A horse whereon the governor doth ride,

Who, newly in the seat, that it may know

He can command, lets it strait feel the spur ;

Whether the tyranny be in his place,

Or in his Eminence, that fills it up,

I stagger :) —but this new Governor

Awakes me all the enroll'd penalties,

Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by the wall

So long, that nineteen Zodiacks have gone round,

And none of them being worn ; and, for a name,

Now puts the drowsy and neglected Act

Freshly on me ; 'tis, surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is ; and thy head stands so tickle
 on thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love,
 may sigh it off, send after the Duke, and appeal to
 him.

Claud. I have done so, but he is not to be found.

I pr'ythee, *Lucio*, do me this kind service :

This day my Sister should the Cloister enter,

And there receive her Approbation.

Acquaint her with the danger of my state,

Implore her in my voice, that she make friends

To the strict Deputy ; bid herself assay him ;

I have great hopes in that ; for in her youth

There is a prone and speechless dialect,

Such as moves men ! beside, she hath prosperous Art

When she will play with reason and discourse,

And well she can persuade.

Lucio.

Lucio. I pray, she may see; as well for the encouragement of the like, which else would stand under grievous imposition; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend *Lucio*.

Lucio. Within two hours, ———

Claud. Come officer, away. [Exeunt.

S C E N E, A MONASTERY.

Enter Duke and Friar Thomas.

Duke. NO; holy father, throw away that thought; Believe not, that the dribbling dart of love Can pierce a compleat Bosom: why I desire thee To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose More grave, and wrinkled, than the aims and ends Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you, How I have ever lov'd the like remov'd; And held in idle price to haunt assemblies, Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery keeps. I have deliver'd to lord *Angelo* (A man of stricture and firm abstinence) My absolute Pow'r and Place here in *Vienna*; And he supposes me travell'd to *Poland*; For so I've shew'd it in the common ear, And so it is receiv'd: now, pious Sir, You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict Statutes, and most biting Laws, (The needful bits and curbs for head-strong Steeds.) Which for these nineteen years we have let sleep; Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave, That goes not out to prey: now as fond fathers Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch, Only to stick it in their children's sight, For terror, not to use; in time the rod Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: so our decrees, Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;

And

And Liberty plucks Justice by the nose ;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
T'unloose this ty'd-up justice, when you pleas'd :
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in lord *Angelo*.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful.
Sith it was my fault to give the people scope,
'Twould be my tyranny to strike and gall them,
For what I bid them do. For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
And not the punishment. Therefore indeed, my fa-
ther,

I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office :
Who may in th' ambush of my name strike home,
And yet, my nature never in the fight
So do in slander : and to behold his sway,
I, will, as 'twere a brother of your order,
Visit both Prince and People ; therefore, pry'thee,
Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
How I may formally in person bear,
Like a true *Friar*. More reasons for this action
At our more leisure shall I render you ;
Only, this one :—Lord *Angelo* is precise ;
Stands at a guard with envy ; scarce confesses
'That his Blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone : hence shall we see,
If Pow'r change Purpose, what our seemers be. [*Exe.*

S C E N E, A NUNNERY.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. And have you Nuns no farther privileges ?

Nun. Are not these large enough ?

Isab. Yes, truly ; I speak not as desiring more ;
But rather wishing a more strict restraint
Upon the sister-hood, the vocalists of St. *Clare*.

Lucio. [*Within*] Hoa ! Peace be in this Place !

Isab. Who's that, which calls ?

Nun.

Nun. It is a man's voice : gentle *Isabella*,
Turn you the key, and know his business of him ;
You may , I may not : you are not yet unsworn :
When you have vow'd , you must not speak with men,
But in the presence of the Prioress ;
Then, if you speak, you must not shew your face ;
Or, if you shew your face, you must not speak,
He calls again ; I pray you answer him. [*Ex. Franc.*
Isab. Peace and prosperity ! who is't that calls ?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, (if you be) as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less ; can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of *Isabella*,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother *Claudio* ?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother, let me ask
The rather, for I must now make you know
I am that *Isabella*, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets
you ;
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Wo me ! for what ?

Lucio. For that, which, if my self might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks ;
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. 'Tis true :—I would not (tho' 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins so.
I hold you as a thing en-sky'd, and fainted ;
By your renouncement, an immortal Spirit ;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a Saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness, and truth, 'tis
thus ;

Your brother and his lover having embrac'd,
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison ; so our plenteous womb

Expresseth

Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him?—my cousin
Juliet?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly, as school-maids change their
names,

By vain, tho' apt, affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point,

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
Bore many gentlemen, my self being one,
In hand and hope of action; but we learn,
By those that know the very nerves of State,
His Givings out were of an Infinite distance
From his true-meant Design. Upon his place,
And with full line of his authority,
Governs lord *Angelo*; a man whose blood
Is very snow-broth: one who never feels
The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
With profits of the mind, steady and fast,
He, (to give fear to use and liberty,
Which have long time run by the hideous law,
As mice by Lyons;) hath pickt out an act,
Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
Falls into forfeit; he arrests him on it;
And follows close the rigor of the Statute,
To make him an example; all hope's gone,
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
To soften *Angelo*; and that's my Pith of business
'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so
Seek for his life?

Lucio. H'as censur'd him already;
And, as I hear, the Provost hath a Warrant
For's execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor
Ability's in me, to do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have

Isab. My power; Alas! I doubt,

Lucio.

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors ;
And make us lose the good, we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. Go to lord *Angelo*,
And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like Gods ; but when they weep and kneel,
All their petitions are as truly theirs,
As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio But, speedily.

Isab. I will about it straight ;
No longer staying, but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you ;
Commend me to my brother : soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good Sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

SCENE, *The* PALACE.

Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, and attendants.

A N G E L O.

WE must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, 'till custom make it,
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas ! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father ;
Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be most straight in virtue,
'That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpose ;

Whether

Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Escalus*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two,
Guiltier than him they try; what's open made to
justice,

That justice seizes on. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and take't,
Because we see it, but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Enter Provost.

Escal. Be't, as your Wisdom will.

Ang. Where is the *Provost*?

Prov. Here, if it like your Honour.

Ang. See, that *Claudio*

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.
Bring him his Confessor, let him be prepar'd;
For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.— [*Exit Prov.*]

Escal. Well, heav'n forgive him; and forgive us all:
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run through brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away; if these be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, Sir, what's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb.

Elb. If it please your Honour, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is *Elbow*; I do lean upon Justice, Sir, and do bring in here before your good Honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your Honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world, that good christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise Officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? *Elbow* is your name? Why dost thou not speak, *Elbow*?

Clown. He cannot, Sir; he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, Sir?

Elb. He, Sir? a tapster, Sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, Sir, was, as they say, pluckt down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house; which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, Sir, whom I detest before heav'n and your Honour,——

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, Sir; whom, I thank heav'n, is an honest woman;——

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, Sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, Sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, Sir, by mistress *Over-don's* means, but as she spit in his face, so she defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it please your Honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces?

Clown. Sir, she came in great with child; and long-ing (saying your Honour's reverence) for stew'd prunes;
Sir,

Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three pence ; (your Honours have seen such dishes ; they are not *China* dishes, but very good dishes.)

Escal. Go to, go to ; no matter for the dish, Sir.

Clown. No, indeed, Sir, not of a pin ; you are therein in the right : but to the point ; as I say, this mistress *Elbow*, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes ; and having but Two in the dish, as I said ; master *Froth* here this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honesty ; for, as you know, master *Froth*, I could not give you three pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clown. Very well ; you being then, if you be remembred, cracking the stones of the aforesaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clown. Why, very well ; I telling you then, if you be remembred, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool ; to the purpose : what was done to *Elbow*'s wife, that he hath cause to complain of ? come to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your Honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, Sir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your Honour's leave : and, I beseech you, look into master *Froth* here, Sir, a man of fourscore pound a year ; whose father dy'd at *Hallowmas*. Was't not at *Hallowmas*, master *Froth* ?

Froth. All holland eve.

Clown. Why, very well ; I hope here be truths. He, Sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, Sir ; 'twas in the bunch of grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not ?

Froth. I have so, because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown

Clown. Why, very well then ; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in *Russia*,
When nights are longest there. I'll take my leave,
And leave you to to the hearing of the Cause ;
Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good-morrow to your Lord-
ship. [Exit Angelo.]

Now, Sir, come on : what was done to *Elbow's* wife,
once more ?

Clown. Once, Sir there was nothing done to her
once

Elb. I beseech you, Sir, ask him what this man did to
my wife.

Clown. I beseech your Honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, Sir, what did this gentleman to her ?

Clown. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's
face ; good master *Froth*, look upon his Honour ; 'tis for
a good purpose ; doth your Honour mark his face ?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clown. Doth your Honour see any harm in his face ?

Escal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be suppos'd upon a book, his face is the
worst thing about him ; good then ; if his face be the
worst thing about him, how could master *Froth* do the
constable's wife any harm ? I would know that of your
honour.

Escal. He's in the right ; constable, what say you to it ?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected
house ; next, this is a respected fellow ; and his mistress
is a respected woman.

Clown. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected
person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou liest ; thou liest, wicked varlet ;
the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with
man, woman, or child.

Clown. Sir, she was respected with him before he
marry'd with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here ? *Justice*, or *Iniquity* ?
—Is this true ?

Elb.

Measure for Measure.

Elb. O thou caitiff ! O thou varlet ! O thou wicked *Hannibal* ! I respected with her, before I was marry'd to her ? if ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor Duke's officer ; prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o'th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for't : what is't your Worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff ?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou would'st discover if thou could'st, let him continue in his courses, 'till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it ; thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now, thou varlet ; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend ? [To Froth.

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year ?

Froth. Yes, and't please you, Sir,

Escal. So, what trade are you of, sir ?

[To the Clown.

Clown. A tapster, a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name ?

Clown. Mistress *Over-don*.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband ?

Clown. Nine, Sir : *Over don* by the last.

Escal. Nine ? Come hither to me, master *Froth* : master *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters ; they will draw you, master *Froth*, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your Worship ; for mine own part, I never come in to any room in a tap-house, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well ; no more of it, master *Froth* : farewell.

[Exit Froth.

Come you hither to me, master tapster : what's your name, master tapster ?

Clown. *Pompey*.

Escal.

Escal. What else?

Clown. Bum, Sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you, so that, in the beastliest sence, you are *Pompey* the Great. *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*; howsoever you colour it in being a rapster; are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, Sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, *Pompey*; by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, *Pompey*? is it a lawful trade?

Clown. If the law will allow it, Sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, *Pompey*; nor it shall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Clown. Does your worship mean to geld and splay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, *Pompey*.

Clown. Truly, Sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you, it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten years, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a Bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say, *Pompey* told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good *Pompey*; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you; I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: if I do, *Pompey*, I shall beat you to your tent; and prove a shrewd *Cæsar* to you: in plain dealing, *Pompey*, I shall have you whipt: so for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your Worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it; as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip me? no, no? let carman whip his jade;

The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade.

[Exit.
Escal.

Escal. Come hither to me, master *Elbow*; come hither, master constable; how long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven years and a half, Sir.

Escal. I thought by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, Sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you; they do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, Sir, few of any wit in such matters; as they are chosen, they are glad to chuse me for them, I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your Worship's house, Sir?

Escal. To my house; fare you well. What's a clock, think you? [Exit Elbow.]

Just. Eleven, Sir.

Escal. I pray you, home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of *Claudio*:
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord *Angelo* is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:

Mercy is not itself that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet poor *Claudio*! there's no remedy.
Come, Sir.

[Exeunt.]

Enter Provost, and a Servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight:
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do; I'll know
His pleasure; may be, he'll relent; alas!
He hath but as offended in a dream:
All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for it!————

Enter

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now what's the matter, *Provost*?

Prov. Is it your Will, *Claudio* shall die to morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash.

Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine,
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your pardon.
What shall be done, Sir, with the groaning *Juliet*?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some mote fitting place, and that with speed.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord, a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sister-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Well; let her be admitted. [Ex. *Servant*.
See you the fornicatress be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter Lucia and Isabella.

Prov. 'Save your Honour.

Ang. Stay yet a while.—Y'are welcome; what's
your Will?

Isab. I am a woful suitor to your Honour,
Please but your Honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice;
For which I would not plead, but that I must;

For

For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well ; the matter ?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die ;
I do beseech you let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heav'n give thee moving graces !

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it ?
Why, every fault's condemn'd, ere it be done ;
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
'To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law !

I had a brother then ; ——heav'n keep your Honour !

Lucio. Give not o'er so : to him again, intreat him.
Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown ;
You are too cold ; If you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die ?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes ; I do think, that you might pardon him ;
And neither heav'n, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you if you would ?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,
As mine is to him ?

Ang. He's sentenc'd ; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold.

Isab. Too late ? why no ; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again : Well believe this,
No ceremony that to Great ones 'longs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does ; if he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipt like him ;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab.

Ifab. I wou'd to heav'n I had your potency,
And you were *Isabel*; should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio Ay, touch him; there's the vein.

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Ifab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And he, that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you, as you are? oh, think on that;
And mercy then will breath within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;
It is the law, not I, condemns your brother,
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him; he dies to morrow.

Ifab. To morrow? oh! that's sudden. Spare him,
spare him:

He's not prepar'd for death: Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl, of season; shall we serve heav'n
With less respect, than we do minister
To our gross selves? good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it, that hath dy'd for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The law hath not been dead, tho' it hath slept;
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man, that did th' Edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed. Now 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a Prophet
Looks in a glass that shews what future evils,
Or new, or by remissness new conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees;
But here they live, to end.

Ifab. Yet shew some pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;
For then I pity those, I do not know;
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gaul;

And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfy'd ;
Your brother dies to morrow ; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this sentence ;

And he, that suffers ; oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength ; but it is tyrannous,
To use it like a giant.

Lucio, That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As *Jove* himself does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet ;
For every pelting, petty, officer
Would use his heav'n for thunder ;
Nothing but thunder : merciful heav'n !
Thou rather with thy sharp, and sulph'rous, bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle : O, but man ! proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastick tricks before high heav'n,
As makes the angels weep ; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. Oh, to him, to him, wench ; he will relent ;
He's coming : I perceive't.

Prov. Pray heav'n, she win him !

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with your self :
Great men may jest with Saints ; 'tis wit in them ;
But, in the less, foul prophanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt right, girl ; more o' that.

Isab. That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the foldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art avis'd o' that ? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me ?

Isab. Because authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in it self,
That skins the vice o' th' top : go to your bosom ;
Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth know
That's like my brother's fault ; if it confess
A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
Against my brother's life.

Ang.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis such sense,
That my sense breeds with it. Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me : come again to morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you : good my lord, turn
back.

Ang. How ? bribe me ?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heav'n shall share with
you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shekels of the tested gold,
Or stones, whose rate are either rich, or poor,
As fancy values them ; but with true prayers,
That shall be up at heav'n, and enter there,
Ere sun rise : prayers from preserved souls,
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well ; come to morrow.

Lucio Go to ; 'tis well ; away.

Isab. Heav'n keep your honour safe !

Ang. Amen :

For I am that way going to temptation,
Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to morrow
Shall I attend your lordship ?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your honour ! [*Exe. Lucio and Isabella.*]

Ang. From thee ; even from thy virtue.

What's this ? what's this ? is this her fault, or mine ?

The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most ?

Not she ; nor doth she tempt ; but it is I,

That, lying by the violet in the sun,

Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,

Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,

That modesty may more betray our sense,

Than woman's lightness ; having waste ground enough,

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,

And pitch our evils there ? oh, fie, fie, fie !

What dost thou ? or what art thou, *Angelo* ?

Dost thou desire her foully, for those things

That make her good ? Oh, let her brother live :

Thieves for their robbery have authority,

When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,
 That I desire to hear her speak again,
 And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
 Oh, cunning enemy, that to catch a Saint,
 With Saints dost bait thy hook! most dangerous
 Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
 To sin in loving virtue: ne'er could the strumpet,
 With all her double vigour, art, and nature,
 Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
 Subdues me quite: Ever till this very Now,
 When men were fond, I smil'd and wonder'd how.

[Exit.]

S C E N E *changes to a Prison.**Enter Duke habited like a Friar, and Provost.**Duke.* Hail to you, *Provost*; so, I think, you are.*Prov.* I am the *Provost*; what's your will, good
Friar?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest order,
 I come to visit the afflicted spirits
 Here in the prison: do me the common right
 To let me see them, and to make me know
 The nature of their crimes; that I may minister
 To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were
 needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
 Who falling in the flaws of her own youth,
 Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;
 And he, that got it, sentenc'd: a young man
 More fit to do another such offence,
 Than die for this.

Duke. When must he die?*Prov.* As I do think to morrow.

I have provided for you; stay a while, [To Juliet.
 And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair one, of the sin you carry?*Juliet.* I do; and bear the shame most patiently.*Duke.*

Duke. I'll teach you, how you shall arraign your
conscience,
And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you ?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful act
Was mutually committed.

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter ; but repent you not,
As that the sin, hath brought you to this shame ?
Which sorrow's always tow'rd's ourselves, not heaven ;
Showing we'd not seek heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil ;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him ;
So grace go with you ; *benedicite.*

[*Exit.*

Juliet. Must die to-morrow ! oh injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror !

Prov. 'Tis pity of him.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E N E *changes to the Palace.*

Enter Angelo.

Ang. When I would pray and think, I think and
pray

To sev'ral subjects ; heav'n hath my empty words,
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on *Isabel* : Heaven's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name !
And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception : the state, whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown fear'd and tedious, yea, my gravity,

Wherein (let no man here me) I take pride,
 Could I with boot change for for an idle plume
 Which the air beats for vain. Oh Place ! oh Form !
 How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
 Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
 To thy false seeming ? blood, thou art but blood :
 Let's write good Angel on the devil's horn ;
 'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there ?—

Ser. One *Isabel*, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. Oh heavens !
 Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
 Making both that unable for itself,
 And dispossessing all my other parts
 Of necessary fitness ?
 So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons ;
 Come all to help him, and so stop the air
 By which he should revive : and even so
 The gen'ral Subjects to a well-wisht King
 Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
 Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love
 Must needs appear offence. How now, fair maid ?

Enter Isabella.

Isab. I am come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better
 please me,

Than to demand, what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Ev'n so ?—Heav'n keep your honour ! [*Going.*

Ang. Yet may he live awhile ; and, it may be,
 As long as you or I ; yet he must die.

Isab. Under your Sentence ?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you ? that in his reprieve,
 Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted,
 That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha ? fie, these filthy vices ! 'twere as good
 To pardon him, that hath from nature stol'n

A man

A man already made, as to remit
 Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heav'n's image
 In Stamps that are forbid : 'tis all as easy,
 Falsely to take away a life true made ;
 As to put metal in restrained means,
 To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heav'n, but not in earth.

Ang. And say you so ? then I shall poze you quickly.
 Which had you rather, that the most just law
 Now took your brother's life ; or, to redeem him,
 Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
 As she, that he hath stain'd ?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
 I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul, our compell'd sins
 Stand more for number than accompt.

Isab. How say you ?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that ; for I can speak
 Against the thing I say. Answer to this :
 I, now the voice of the recorded law,
 Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life ;
 Might there not be a charity in sin,
 To save the brother's life ?

Isab. Please you to do't,
 I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
 It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your soul,
 Were equal poize of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
 Heav'n let me bear it ! you, granting my suit,
 If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-pray'r
 To have it added to the faults of mine,
 And nothing of your answer.

Ang. Nay, but hear me :
 Your Sense pursues not mine : either, you're ignorant ;
 Or seem so, craftily ; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
 But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
 When it doth tax itself : as these black masques
 Proclaim an en-shield beauty ten times louder,
 Than beauty could display'd. But mark me,

To be received plain, I'll speak more gross ;
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
(As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,) that you his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-holding law ; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You may lay down the treasures of your body
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer ;
What would you do ?

Isab. As much for my poor brother as my self ;
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip my self to death, as to a bed
That longing I've been sick for, ere I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way ;
Better it were, a brother died at once ;
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence,
That you have slander'd so ?

Isab. An ignominious ransom, and free pardon,
Are of two houses, lawful mercy, sure,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.

Isab. Oh pardon me, my lord : it oft falls out,
To have what we would have, we speak not what we
mean :

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed by weakness !

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves ;
Which are as easy broke, as they make forms ;
Women ! help heav'n ; men their creation mar,
In profiting by them : nay, call us ten times frail ;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well ;
And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose we're made to be no stronger,
Than faults may shake our frames) let me be bold :
I do arrest your words : be that you are,
That is, a woman ; if you're more, your none.
If you be one, as you are well express'd
By all external warrants, shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd Livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one ; gentle my lord,
Let me intreat you, speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love *Juliet* ;
And you tell me, that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, *Isabel*, if you give me love.

Isab. I know your virtue hath a license in it,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha ! little honour to be much believed,
And most pernicious purpose ! seeming, seeming !——
I will proclaim thee, *Angelo* ; look for it :
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-stretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, *Isabel* ?
My unsoil'd name, the auttereness of my life,
My vouch against you, and my place i' the state,
Will so your accusation over-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun ;

And now I give my sensual race the rein.
Fit thy content to my sharp appetite,
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for : redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will :
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To ling'ring sufferance. Answer me to-morrow ;
Or by th' affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can ; my false o'erweighs your true. [*Exit.*

Isab. To whom shall I complain ? I did tell this,
Who would believe me ? O most perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof ;
Bidding the law make curfew to their will ;
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow as it draws. I'll to my brother.
Tho' he hath fallen by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up ;
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, *Isabel*, live chaste ; and, brother, die ;
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of *Angelo's* request ;
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest. [*Exit.*

A C T III.

S C E N E, *the Prison.**Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.*

D U K E.

SO, then you hope of pardon from lord *Angelo*?
Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
 But only hope: I've hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death: or death, or life,
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life,
 If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,
 That none but fools would reck; a breath thou art,
 Servile to all the skiey influences;
 That dost this habitation, where thou keepest,
 Hourly afflict; merely thou art death's fool;
 For him thou labourest by thy flight to shun,
 And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;
 For all the accommodations, that thou bearest,
 Are nurs'd by baseness: thou'rt by no means valiant;
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
 Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
 And that thou oft provok'st, yet grossly fear'st
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thy self;
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains,
 That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
 And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the moon, If thou'rt rich, thou'rt poor;
 For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou hast none;
 For thy own bowels, which do call thee Sire,
 The meer effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curse the *Gout*, *Serpigo*, and the *Rheum*,

For

For ending thee no sooner. Thou has nor youth, nor age ;

But as it were an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both ; for all thy blessed-youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied Eld ; and when thou'rt old and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
 That bears the name of life ? yet in this life
 Lye hid more thousand deaths ; yet death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
 To sue to live, I find, I seek to die ;
 And, seeking death, find life : let it come on,

Enter Isabella.

Ifab. What, ho ? peace here : grace and good company !

Prov. Who's there ? come in : the wish deserves a welcome.

Duke. Dear Sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy Sir, I thank you,

Ifab. My business is a word, or two, with *Claudio*.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, Signior, here's your sister.

Duke. Provost, a word with you.

Prov. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring them to speak where I may be conceal'd,

Yet hear them, [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort ?

Ifab. Why, as all comforts are ; most good in Deed :
 Lord *Angelo*, having affairs to heav'n,
 Intends you for his swift ambassador ;
 Where you shall be an everlasting leiger.
 Therefore your best appointment make with speed,
 To-morrow you set on.

Claud. Is there no remedy ?

Ifab. None, but such remedy, as to save a head,
 To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any ?

Ifab.

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live :
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you 'till death.

Claud. Perpetual durance ?

Isab. Ay, just ; perpetual durance ; a restraint,
Tho' all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature ?

Isab. In such a one, as you, consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. Oh, I do fear thee, *Claudio* : and I quake,
Lest thou a fev'rous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven winters more respect
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die ?
The sense of death is most in apprehension ;
And the poor Beetle, that we tread upon,
In corp'ral sufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame ?
Think you, I can a resolution fetch
From flow'ry tendernefs ? if I must die,
I will encounter darknefs as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother ; there my father's
grave
Did utter forth a voice. Yes, thou must die :
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward-fainted Deputy,
Whose settled visage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i'th' head ; and follies doth emmew,
As faulcon doth the fowl ; is yet a devil :
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The princely *Angelo* ?

Isab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards. Dost thou think, *Claudio*,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed ?

Claud.

Claud. Oh, heaven! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give't thee; from this rank offence

So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou dy'st to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. Oh, were it but life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dearest *Isabel*.

Isab. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose,
When he would force it? sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? oh *Isabel*!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death's a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we not know where;
To lye in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribb'd ice,
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling;—'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
'To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! Alas!

Claud. Sweet sister, let me live;
What sin you do to save a brother's life,

Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. Oh you beast!
Oh faithless coward! oh dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man, out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sister's shame? what should I think?
Heav'n grant my mother, plaid my father fair:
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, perish! might my only bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death;
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me, *Isabel*,

Isab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade:
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd;
'Tis best, that thou dy'st quickly,

Claud. Oh hear me, *Isabella*.

To them, Enter Duke and Provost.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sister; but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would by and by have some speech with you: the satisfaction I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure, my stay must be stolen out of other affairs: but I will attend you a-while.

Duke. Son, I have over-heard what hath past between you and your sister. *Angelo* had never the purpose to corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her virtue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare yourself to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible; to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon ; I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it. [*Ex. Claud.*

Duke. Hold you there ; farewell. *Provost*, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father ?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone ; leave me a while with the maid, my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.

[*Exit Prov.*

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good ; the goodness that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness ; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that *Angelo* hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding ; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at *Angelo* ; how will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother ?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him : I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But, oh, how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo* ? if ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss ; yet as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation ; he made tryal of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings : to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit ; redeem your brother from the angry law ; do no stain to your own gracious person ; and much please the absent Duke, it, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab. Let me hear you speak farther ; I have spirit to do any thing, that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful ; have you not heard speak of *Mariana*, the sister of *Frederick*, the great foldier who miscarried at sea ?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke.

Duke. Her should this *Angelo* have marry'd; was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed: between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother *Frederick* was wrackt at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this befall to the poor gentlewoman; there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural, with him the portion and finew of her fortune, her marriage dowry; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming *Angelo*

Isab. Can this be so? did *Angelo* so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort; swallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour: in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were in death to take this poor maid from the world: what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live! but how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-nam'd maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection; his unjust unkindness, (that in all reason should have quenched her love,) hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to *Angelo*, answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself to this advantage: first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted, in course now follows all: we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up to your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge it self hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence; and here by this is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled. The maid will I frame,
and

and make fit for his attempt: if you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

Ifab. The image of it gives me content already, and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lyes much in your holding up; haste you speedily to *Angelo*; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to *St. Luke's*; there at the moted grange resides this dejected *Mariana*; at that place call upon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Ifab. I thank you for this comfort: fare you well, good father.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

S C E N E *changes to the Street.*

Re-enter Duke as a Friar; Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. Oh, heav'ns! what stuff is here?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world since of two usuries the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law. A furr'd gown to keep him warm, and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signifie, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb. Come your way, Sir: bless you, good father friar.

Duke. And you, good brother father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the law; and, Sir, we take him to be a thief too, Sir; for we have found upon him, Sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, firrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou caus'est to be done,
That is thy means to live. Dost thou but think,
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back
From such a filthy vice: say to thy self,

From

From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array my self, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending ! go mend, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it doth stink in some sort, Sir ; but yet, Sir, I would prove——

Duke. Nay, if the devil have giv'n thee proofs for sin, Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer ; Correction and instruction must both work, Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the deputy, Sir ; he has given him warning ; the deputy cannot abide a whore-master, if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be, Free from all faults as faults from seeming free !

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waste, a cord, Sir.

Clown. I spy comfort : I cry, bail : here's a gentleman, and a friend of mine.

Lucy. How now, noble *Pompey* ? what, at the wheels of *Cæsar* ? art thou led in triumph ? what, is there none of *Pigmalion's* images newly made woman to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting it clutch'd ? what reply ? ha ? what sayst thou to this tune, matter and method is't not drown'd i' th' last rain ? ha ? what sayst thou, trot ? is the world as it was, man ? which is the way ? is it sad and few words ? or how ? the trick of it ?

Duke. Still thus and thus ! still worse ?

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress ? procures she still ? ha ?

Clown. Troth, Sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good ; it is the right of it : it must be so. Ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd ; an unshunn'd consequence, it must be so. Art going to prison, *Pompey* ?

Clown. Yes, faith, Sir.

Lucio.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, *Pompey* : farewell : go, say, I sent thee thither. For debt, *Pompey* ? or how ?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him ; if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his right. Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too ; bawd born. Farewell, good *Pompey* : commend me to the prison, *Pompey* ; you will turn good husband now, *Pompey* ; you will keep the house.

Clown. I hope, Sir, your good worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, *Pompey* ; it is not the wear ; I will pray, *Pompey*, to encrease your bondage ; if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more : adieu, trusty *Pompey*. Bless you, Friar.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does *Bridget* paint still, *Pompey* ? ha ?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, Sir ?

Lucio. Then, *Pompey*, nor now. What news abroad, *Friar* ? what news ?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, *Pompey*, go.

[*Exeunt Elbow, Clown and Officers.*]

What news, *Friar*, of the *Duke* ?

Duke. I know none : can you tell me of any ?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the Emperor of *Russia* ; other Some, he is in *Rome* : but where is he, think you ?

Duke. I know not where ; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord *Angelo* dukes it well in his absence ; he puts transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to treachery would do no harm in him ; something too crabbed that way, *Friar*.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred ; it is well ally'd ; but it is impossible to extirp it quite. *Friar*, 'till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this *Angelo* was not made by man and woman after the downright way of creation ; is it true, think you ?

Duke.

Duke. How should he be made then ?

Lucio. Some report, a sea maid spawn'd him. Some that he was begot between two stock fishes. But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice ; that I know to be true ; and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, Sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piece to take away the life of a man ? would the *Duke*, that is absent, have done this ? ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent *Duke* much detested for women ; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh, Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the *Duke* ? yes, your beggar of fifty ; and his use was, to put a ducket in her clack-dish ; the duke had crochets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong, surely,

Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his : a shy fellow was the *Duke* ; and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What, pr'ythee, might be the cause ?

Lucio. No : pardon : 'tis a secret must be lockt within the teeth and the lips ; but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the *Duke* to be wife.

Duke. Wife ? why, no question, but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly or mistaking : the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helm'd, must upon a warranted Need give him a better proclamation, Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully ; and if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dear love.

Lucio. Come, Sir, I know what I know,

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him; if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you, and, I pray you, your name?

Lucio. Sir, my name is *Lucio*, well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope, the Duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite; but, indeed, I can do you little harm: you'll forswear this again?

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd in me,
Friar. But no more of this. Canst thou tell if *Claudio* die to morrow, or no?

Duke. Why should he die, Sir?

Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a tun-dish: I would, the Duke, we talk of, were returned again; this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency. Sparrows must not build in his house eves, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered: he would never bring them to light; would he were return'd! Marry this *Claudio* is condemned for untrussing. Farewel, good *Friar*: I pr'ythee, pray for me: the Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on *Fridays*. He's now past it, yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, tho' the smelt of brown bread and garlick: say, that I said so, farewell.

[*Exit.*

Duke. No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What King so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter

Enter Escalus, Provost, and Bawd,

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? this would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your Honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one *Lucio's* information against me, mistress *Kate keep-down* was with child by him in the Duke's time; he promis'd her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come *Philip* and *Jacob*: I have kept it my self; and see, how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That tellow is a fellow of much licence: let him be call'd before us. Away with her to prison: go to, no more words [*Exeunt with the Bawd.*] *Provost*, my brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd; *Claudio* must die to morrow: let him be furnished with Divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this *Friar* hath been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Blis and goodness on you!

Escal. Of whence are you?

Duke. Not of this country, tho' my chance is now

To use it for a time: I am a brother
Of gracious order, late come from the see,
In special business from his Holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i'th' world?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it. Novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth enough alive, to make societies secure; but security enough,

to

to make fellowships accurst. Much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world ; this news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, Sir, of what disposition was the Duke ?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes,
Contented specially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he giv'n to ?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess to make him rejoice. A gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous ; and let me desire to know, how you find *Claudio* prepar'd ? I am made to understand, that you have lent him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received the sinister measure from his judge, but most willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice ; yet had he fram'd to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life ; which I by my good leisure have discredited to him, and now he is resolv'd to die.

Escal. You have paid the heav'ns your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman ; to the extremest shore of my modesty ; but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is indeed justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well ; wherein if he chance to fall, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner ; fare you well.

[Exit.

Duke. Peace be with you !
He who the sword of heav'n will bear,
Should be as holy as severe :
Pattern in himself to know,
Grace to stand, and virtue to go ;
More nor less to others paying,
Than by self offences weighing.
Shame to him, whose cruel striking
Kills for faults of his own liking.

Twice

Twice treble Shame on *Angelo*,
 To weed my vice, and let his grow!
 Oh, what may man within him hide,
 Tho' angel on the outward side?
 How may that likeness, made in crimes,
 Making practice on the times,
 Draw with idle spiders strings
 Most pond'rous and substantial things!
 Craft against vice I must apply.
 With *Angelo* to night shall lye
 His old betrothed, but despis'd;
 So disguise shall by th' disguis'd
 Pay with falshood false exacting;
 And perform an old Contracting.

(*Exit.*)

A C T IV.

S C E N E, *a Grange.*

Enter Mariana, and boy singing.

S O N G.

TAKE, oh, take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mis-lead the morn;
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Enter Duke.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away;
 Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
 Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
 I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wish,
 You had not found me here so musical:
 Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
 My mirth is much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; tho' musick oft hath such a Charm
 To make bad, good; and good provoke to harm.

C

I pray

I pray you tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me here to day ? much upon this time, have I promis'd here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after : I have sat here all day.

Enter Isabel.

Duke. I do constantly believe you : the time is come even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little ; may be, I will call upon you anon for some advantage to yourself.

Mari. I am always bound to you.

(Exit.)

Duke. Very well met, and well come :
What is the news from this good Deputy ?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard backt ;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his Opening with this bigger key :
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads ;
There, on the heavy middle of the night,
Have I my promise made to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way ?

Isab. I've ta'en a due and wary note upon't ;
With whisp'ring and most guilty diligence,
In action of all precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you greed, concerning her observance ?

Isab. No : none, but only a repair i'th' dark ;
And that I have possess'd him, my most Stay
Can be but brief ; for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me ; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well born up.

I have not yet made known to *Mariana*
A word of this, What, hoa ! within ! come forth !

Enter

Enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid ;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade yourself that I respect you ?

Mari. Good *Friar*, I know you do ; and I have found it.

Duke. Take then this your companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear :

I shall attend your leisure ; but make haste ;

The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Wilt please you walk aside ?

(*Exeunt Mar. and Isab.*)

Duke. Oh Place and Greatness ! millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee : volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings : thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies ! Welcome ; how agreed ?

Re-enter Mariana, and Isabel.

Isab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. 'Tis not my consent,
But my entreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but soft and low,
" Remember now my brother.

Mari. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all :
He is your husband on a pre-contract ;
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin ;
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go ;
Our Corn's to reap ; for yet our Tith's to sow. (*Ex.*)

SCENE changes to the Prison.

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. COME hither, sirrah : can you cut off a
man's head ?

C 2

Clown.

Clown. If the man be a batchelor, Sir, I can : but if he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, Sir, leave me your snatches, and yield me a direct answer. To morrow morning are to die *Claudio* and *Barnardine* : here is in our prison a common executioner, who in his office lacks a helper ; if you will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you from your gyves : if not, you shall have your full time of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied whipping ; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman : I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

Prov. What hoa, *Abhorson* ! where's *Abhorson*, there ?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, Sir ?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to morrow in your execution ; if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you ; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you, he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, Sir ? fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, Sir, you weigh equally ; a feather will turn the scale. (*Exit.*)

Clown. Pray, Sir, by your good favour ; (for, surely, Sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look ;) do you call, Sir, your occupation a mystery ?

Abhor. Ay, Sir ; a mystery.

Clown. Painting, Sir, I have heard say, is a mystery ; and your whores, Sir, being members of my occupation, using Painting, do prove my occupation a mystery : but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery,

Clown. Proof. ———

Abhor.

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your Thief,
Clown: If it be too little for your true man, your thief
thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your true
man, your thief thinks it little enough; so every true
man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will serve him: for I do find, your
hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he
doth oftner ask forgiveness,

Prov. Yes, firrah, provide your block and your ax
to-morrow, four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd, I will instruct thee in my
trade; follow.

Clown. I do desire to learn, Sir; and I hope, if you
have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall
find me yare: for, truly, Sir, for your kindness I owe
you a good turn. *(Exit.)*

Prov. Call hither *Barnardine* and *Claudio*:
One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murtherer, tho' he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the Warrant, *Claudio*, for thy death;
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's *Barnardine*?

Claud. As fast lockt up in sleep as guiltless labour
When it lyes starkly in the traveller's bones;
He'll not awake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare yourself. *(Ex. Claud.)* But, hark,
what noise? *(Knock within.)*

Heav'n give your spirits comfort!—by and by;—
I hope it is some pardon, or Reprieve,
For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholsomest spirits of the night
Invellop you, good *Provost*! who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not *Isabel*.

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for *Claudio* ?

Duke. There is some in hope.

Prov. It is a bitter Deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so ; his life is parrallel'd
Ev'n with the stroak and line of his great Justice ;
He doth with holy Abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his Pow'r,
To qualifie in others. Were he meal'd
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous ;
But this being so, he's just. Now are they come.

(Knock again, Provost goes out.)

This is a gentle Provost ; seldom when
The steeled goaler is the friend of men.
How now ? what noise ? that spirit's posselt with haste,
That wounds th' unresisting postern with these strokes.

(Provost returns.)

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in ; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no countermand for *Claudio* yet,
But he must die to-morrow ?

Prov. None, Sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, *Provost*, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,
You something know ; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand ; no such example have we :
Besides, upon the very siege of justice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publick ear
Profest the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes *Claudio's* Pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note, and by me
this further charge, that you swerve not from the smal-
lest article of it, neither time, matter, or other cir-
cumstance. Good morrow, for as I take it, it is almost
day.

Prov. I shall obey him.

(Exit Messen.)

Duke.

Duke. This is his Pardon, purchas'd by such sin,
For which the Pardoner himself is in :
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is born in high authority ;
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That, for the fault's love, is th' offender friended.
Now, Sir, what news ?

Prov. I told you : lord *Angelo*, be-like, thinking me
remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted
putting on ; methinks, strangely ; for he hath not us'd
it before.

Duke. Pray you, let's hear.

Provost reads the letter.

*Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be
executed by four of the clock, and in the Afternoon Bar-
nardine : for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's
Head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed, with
a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deli-
ver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer
it at your peril.*

What say you to this, Sir ?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed
in the afternoon ?

Prov. A *Bohemian* born ; but here nurst up and bred ;
one, that is a prisoner since nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not ei-
ther deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him ? I
have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him, and
indeed, his fact, 'till now in the government of lord
Angelo, came not to an undoubtful Proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent ?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

Duke. Hath he borne himself penitently in prison ?
how seems he to be touch'd ?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dread-
fully, but as a drunken sleep ; careless, reckless, and
fearless of what's past, present, or to come ; insensible
of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none ; he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison : give him leave to escape hence, he would not : drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awaked him, as if to carry him to execution, and shew'd him a seeming Warrant for it ; it hath not moved him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, *Provost*, honesty and constancy ; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me ; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. *Claudio*, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than *Angelo*, who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite ; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesie.

Prov. Pray, Sir, in what ?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack ! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an expresse command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of *Angelo* ? I may make my case as *Claudio*'s, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine order, I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide : let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed, and his head born to *Angelo*.

Prov. *Angelo* hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it ; shave the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so barb'd before his death, you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune ; by the Saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father : it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy ?

Prov. To him, and to his Substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing ?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that ?

Duke.

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my Coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the hand and Seal of the Duke; you know the Character, I doubt not; and the Signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The contents of this is the return of the Duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing, which *Angelo* knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange terrour; perchance, of the Duke's death; perchance, of his entering into some monastery; but, by chance, nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd; put not yourself into amazement how these things should be; all difficulties are but easy, when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with *Barnardine's* head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away, it is almost clear dawn.

(Exit.

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession; one would think, it were mistress *Over-don's* own house; for here be many of her old Customers. First, here's young *Mr. Rash*; he's in for a commodity of brown pepper and old ginger, nine score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request: for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one *Mr. Caper*, at the suit of Master *Three-pile* the mercer; for some four suits of peach-colour'd sattin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young *Dizzy*, and young *Mr. Deep-vow*, and then *Mr. Copper-spur*, and Master *Starva-Lacquey* the rapier and dagger-man, and young *Drop-beire* that kill'd lusty *Pudding*, and *Mr. Fortblight* the tilter, and brave *Mr. Shooty* the great traveller, and wild *Half-Canne* that stabb'd *Pots*, and I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's sake.

Enter

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither.

Clown. Master *Barnardine*, you must rise and be hang'd, Master *Barnardine*.

Abhor. What, ho, *Barnardine*.

Barnar. (*Within.*) A pox o' your throats ; who makes that noise there ? what are you ?

Clown. Your friend, Sir, the hangman : you must be so good, Sir, to rise and be put to death.

Barnar. (*Within*) Away, you rogue, away ; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, Master *Barnardine*, awake 'till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.

Clown. He is coming, Sir, he is coming ; I hear the straw rustle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the ax upon the block, sirrah ?

Clown. Very ready, Sir.

Barnar. How now, *Abhorson* ? what's the news with you ?

Abhor. Truly, Sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayer : for, look you, the Warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, Sir ; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the founder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghostly father ; do we jest now, think you ?

Duke Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnard. Friar, not I : I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they

they shall beat out my brains with billets. I will not consent to die this day that's certain.

Duke. Oh, Sir, you must ; and therefore, I beseech you look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear I will not die to day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you. —————

Barnar. Not a word : if you have any thing to say to me, come to my Ward ; for thence will not I to day. (Exit.

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die : oh ! gravel heart ! After him, fellows : bring him to the block.

Prov. Now, Sir, how do you find the prisoner ?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death ; And, to transport him in the mind he is, Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the Prison, father, There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever One *Ragozine*, a most notorious pirate, A man of *Claudio's* years ; his beard, and head, Just of his colour : What if we omit This Reprobate, 'till he were well inclin'd ; And satisfy the Deputy with the visage Of *Ragozine* more like to *Claudio* ?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident, that heav'n provides : Dispatch it presently the hour draws on. Prefix by *Angelo* : see, this be done, And sent according to command ; while I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father presently : But *Barnardine* must die this afternoon : And how shall we continue *Claudio*. To save me from the danger that might come, If he were known alive ?

Duke. Let this be done ; Put them in secret Holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio* : Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting To yonder generation you shall find Your safety manifested.

Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to *Angelo*.
(*Exit.*)

Now will I write letters to *Angelo*.
(The *Provost*, he shall bear them;) whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great Injunctions, I am bound
To enter publickly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated Fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-ballanc'd form,
We shall proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head, I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it: make a swift Return;
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ears but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. (Exit.)

Isab.—(Within.) Peace, ho, be here!

Duke. The tongue of *Isabel*—She comes to know,
If yet her brother's Pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ign'rant of her good,
To make her heav'nly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabel.

Isab. Ho, by your leave.——

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious
daughter.

Isab. The better, giv'n me by so holy a man:
Hath yet the Deputy sent my brother's Pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Isabel*, from the world;
His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

Isab.—Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other.

Shew your wisdom, daughter, in your closest patience.

Isab. Oh, I will to him and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab. Unhappy *Claudio*, wretched *Isabel*!
Injurious world, most damned *Angelo*.

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot:
Forbear it therefore, give your Cause to heav'n:

Mark,

Mark, what I say ; which you shall surely find
 By ev'ry syllable a faithful verity.
 The Duke comes home to-morrow ; dry your eyes ;
 One of our Convent, and his Confessor,
 Gives me this instance : already he hath carry'd
 Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*,
 Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
 There to give up their Pow'r. If you can, pace your
 Wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go,
 And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
 Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
 And gen'ral honour.

Isab. I am directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to *Friar Peter* give ;
 'Tis that he sent me of the Duke's Return :
 Say, by this token, I desire his company
 At *Mariana's* house to-night. Her Cause and yours
 I'll perfect him withal and he shall bring you
 Before the Duke ; and to the head of *Angelo*
 Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
 I am combined by a sacred vow,
 And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter :
 Command these fretting waters from your eyes
 With a light heart ; trust not my holy Order,
 If I pervert your course. Who's here ?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Good even ;

Friar, where's the *Provost* ?

Duke. Not within, Sir.

Lucio. Oh, pretty *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart to
 see thine eyes so red ; thou must be patient ; I am fain
 to dine and sup with water and bran ; I dare not for my
 head fill my belly ; one fruitful meal would set me to't.
 But they say, the Duke will be here to-morrow. By
 my troth, *Isabel*, I lov'd thy brother : if the old fan-
 tastical Duke of dark coners had been at home, he had
 lived. [Ex. *Isabella*.]

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden to
 your reports ; but the best is he lives not in them.

Lucio.

Lucio. *Friar*, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do; he's a better woodman, than thou takest him for.

Duke. Well; you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee: I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, Sir, if they be true; if not true none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I; but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest: rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: if bawdy Talk offend you, we'll have very little of it; nay, *Friar*, I am a kind of bur, I shall stick.

Exeunt.

SCENE *changes to the* PALACE.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. EVERY letter, he hath writ, hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions shew much like to madness; pray Heav'n, his wisdom be not tainted: and why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entering, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

Escal. He shews his reason for that; to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well; I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd betimes i'th' morn; I'll call you at your house; give notice

notice to such men of Sort and Suit, as are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, Sir; fare you well.

[*Exit,*

Ang. Good night.

This Deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflowered maid!
And by an eminent body that enforc'd
The Law against it! but that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me? yet reason dares her:
For my authority bears a credent Bulk;
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge;
By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
With ransom of such shame. Would yet, he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E *changes to the Fields without
the Town.*

Enter Duke in his own Habit; and Friar Peter.

Duke. **T**H E S E letters at fit time deliver me.
The *Provost* knows our purpose, and our
Plot:

The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Tho' sometimes you do blench from this to that.
As cause doth minister: go, call at *Flavius's* house,
And tell him where I stay; give the like notice
Unto *Valentius*, *Rowland*, and to *Craffus*,
And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate:
But send me to *Flavius* first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well.

[*Exit Friar.*

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, *Varrius*; thou hast made good
haste:

Come,

Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle *Varrius*. [*Exeunt*.]

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loth:
I'd say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your Part; yet I'm advis'd to do it,
He says, t'availful purpose.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physick,
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, Friar *Peter* ———

Isab. Oh, peace; the Friar is come.

Enter Peter.

Peter. Come, I have found you out a Stand most fit,
Where you may have such vantage on the Duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets
founded;

The gen'rous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is ent'ring: therefore hence, away.

A C T V.

S C E N E, *a publick Place near the City.*

*Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio,
and Citizens at several doors.*

D U K E.

MY very worthy Cousin, fairly met;
Our old and faithful friend, we're glad to see
you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy Return be to your royal Grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thanks be to you both:
We've made enquiry of you, and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul

Cannot

Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my bonds still greater.

Duke. Oh, your desert speaks loud; and I should
wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
And rasure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the Subjects see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come, *Escalus*;
You must walk by us on our other hand:
And good Supporters are you. [*As the Duke is going out*]

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time: speak loud and kneel before
him.

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke; vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid:
Oh, worthy Prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
'Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice.

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what, by whom? be
brief.

Here is lord *Angelo* shall give you justice;
Reveal yourself to him.

Isab. Oh, worthy Duke,
You bid me seek Redemption of the Devil:
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: oh, hear me, hear me.

Ang. My lord, her Wits, I fear me, are not firm,
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. Course of justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak,
That *Angelo's* forsworn: is it not strange?
That *Angelo's* a murth'rer: is't not strange?
That *Angelo's* is an adult'rous thief,

An hypocrite, a virgin-violater :

Is it not strange and strange ?

Duke. Nay, It is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,

Than this is all as true, as it is strange :

Nay, it is ten times true ; for truth is truth

To th' end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her : poor soul,
She speaks this in th' infirmity of Sense.

Isab. O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not ; with that opinion
That I am touch'd with madness. Make not impossible
That, which seems but unlike ; 'tis not impossible,
But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,
As *Angelo* ; even so may *Angelo*,
In all his dressings, caracts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain : believe it, royal Prince,
If he be less, he's nothing ; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness bath the oddest frame of sense ;
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. Gracious Duke,
Harp not on That ; nor do not banish reason
For inequality ; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear, where it seems hid ;
Nor hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many, that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.
What would you say ?

Isab. I am the sister of one *Claudio*,
Condemn'd upon the Act of Fornication
To lose his head ; condemn'd by *Angelo* :
I, in probation of a sisterhood,
Was sent to by my brother ; one *Lucio*,
As then the messenger.

Lucio. That's I, an't like your Grace :
I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her

To try her gracious fortune with lord *Angelo*,
For her poor brother's pardon.

Isab. That's he, indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak. [*To Lucio.*

Lucio. No, my good lord, nor wish'd to hold my
peace.

Duke. I wish you now then ;

Pray you, take note of it : and when you have
A business for your self, pray heav'n, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your honour.

Duke. The warrant's for your self ; take heed to't.

Isab. This gentleman told somewhat of my tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke. It may be right, but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.

Isab. I went

To this pernicious cattiff Deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it :

The phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again : the matter ;—proceed.

Isab. In brief ; (to set the needless process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,
How he repell'd me, and how I reply'd ;
For this was of much length) the vile conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste body
To his concupiscent intemp'rate lust,
Release my brother ; and after much debatement,
My sisterly remorse confutes mine honour,
And I did yield to him : But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely !

Isab. Oh, that it were as like, as it is true !

Duke. By heav'n, fond wretch, thou know'st not
what thou speak'st ;

Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice, First, his integrity,
Stands without blemish ; next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemence he should pursue

Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
 He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself.
 And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on;
 Confess the truth, and say, by whose advice
 Thou cam'st here to complain?

Isab. And is this all?

Then, oh, you blessed ministers above!
 Keep me in patience; and with ripen'd time,
 Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
 In countenance: Heav'n shield your Grace from woe,
 As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go.

Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An officer;
 To prison with her. Shall we thus permit
 A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
 On him so near us? this needs must be a practice.
 Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, *Friar Lodowick.*

Duke. A ghostly father, belike:
 Who knows that *Lodowick*?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling *Friar*;
 I do not like the man; had he been Lay, my lord,
 For certain words he spake against your Grace
 In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? this is a good *Friar*, belike;
 And to set on this wretched woman here
 Against our Substitute! let this *Friar* be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that *Friar*,
 I saw them at the prison: a sawcy *Friar*,
 A very scurvy fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your royal Grace!
 I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
 Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman
 Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute;
 Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
 As she from one ungot.

Duke. We do believe no less.
 Know you that *Friar Lodowick*, which she speaks of?

Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
 Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler,
 As he's reported by this gentleman;
 And, on my Trust, a man that never yet
 Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.

Lucio.

Lucio. My lord, most villanously ; believe it.

Peter. Well ; he in time may come to clear himself ;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. On his meer request,
(Being come to knowledge that there was Complaint
Intended 'gainst lord *Angelo*) came I hither
To speak as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false ; and what he with his oath
By all Probation will make up full clear.
Whenever he's conven'd. First, for this woman ;
To justify this worthy Nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
'Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good *Friar*, let's hear it.
Do you not smile at this, lord *Angelo* ?
Oh heav'n ! the vanity of wretched fools ! ———
Give us some seats ; come, cousin *Angelo*,
In this I will be partial : be you Judge
Of your own Cause. Is this the witness, *Friar* ?
(*Isabella is carried off, guarded.*)

Enter Mariana veil'd.

First, let her shew her face ; and after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord, I will not shew my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd ?

Mari. No, My lord.

Duke. Are you a maid ?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow, then ?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, are you nothing then ? neither maid,
widow, nor wife.

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk ; for many of
them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow : I would he had some cause
to prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess, I ne'er was marry'd ;
And, I confess besides, I am no maid ;

I've

I've known my husband ; yet my husband knows not,
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord ; it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord *Angelo*.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord.

She, that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband ;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all th'effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me ?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No ! you say, your husband. [*To Mariana.*

Mari. Why, just, my lord ; and that is *Angelo* ;
Who thinks he knows, that he ne'er knew my body ;
But knows, he thinks, that he knows *Isabel's*.

Ang. This is a strange abuse ; let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me : now I will unmask.

[*Unveiling.*

This is that face, thou cruel *Angelo*,
Which once thou swor'st, was worth the looking on :
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine : this is the body,
That took away the match from *Isabel* ;
And did supply thee at thy garden house
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman ?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman ;
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt myself and her ; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of compositions ; but, in chief,
For that her reputation was disvalu'd
In levity ; since which time of five years

I never

I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble Prince,

As there comes light from heav'n, and words from
breath,

As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,]

I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly

As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,

But *Tuesday* night last gone, in's garden-house,

He knew me as a wife; as this is true,

Let me in safety raise me from my knees;

Or else for ever be confixed here,

A marble monument.

Ang. And I did but smile 'till now.

Now, good my lord, give me the scope of justice;

My patience here is touch'd; I do perceive,

These poor informal women are no more

But instruments of some more mightier member,

That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,

To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;

And punish them unto your height of pleasure.

Thou foolish *Friar*, and thou pernicious woman,

Compact with her that's gone; think'st thou, thy oaths,

Tho' they would swear down each particular Saint,

Were testimonies 'gainst his worth and credit,

That's seal'd in approbation? You, lord *Escalus*,

Sit with my Cousin; lend him your kind pains

To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.

There is another *Friar*, that set them on;

Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my lord: for he, indeed,

Hath set the women on to this complaint:

Your *Provost* knows the place, where he abides;

And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.

And you, my noble and well warranted Cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth;

Do with your injuries, as seems you best,

In any chastisement: I for a while

Will leave you; but stir not you, till you have well

Determined upon these slanderers.

[*Exit.*

Escal.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it throughly. Signior *Lucio*, did not you say, you knew that *Friar Lodowick* to be a dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum*; honest in nothing, but in his cloaths; and one that hath spoke most villainous speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall intreat you to abide here 'till he come, and inforce them against him; we shall find this *Friar* a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Escal. Call that same *Isabel* here once again: I would speak with her: pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she should sooner confess; perchance, publickly she'll be asham'd.

Enter Duke in the Friar's Habit, and Provost; Isabella is brought in.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of, here with the *Provost*.

Escal. In very good time: speak not you to him, 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum. ———

Escal. Come, Sir, did you set these women on to slander lord *Angelo*? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How? know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place; and let the devil Be sometimes honour'd for his burning throne.

Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you speak: Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly at least. But oh, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?

Good

Good night to your redress : Is the Duke gone ?
Then is your Cause gone too. The Duke's unjust,
Thus to retort your manifest Appeal ;
And put your Tryal in the Villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal ; this is he, I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unrev'rend and unhallow'd Friar,
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
T'accuse this worthy man, but with foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain ; and then glance from him
To th' Duke himself, to tax him with injustice ?
Take him hence ; to th' rack with him : we'll touze you
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose :
What ? unjust ?

Duke. Be not so hot : the Duke dare no more stretch
This finger of mine, than he dare rack his own :
His subject am I not,
Nor here provincial ; my business in this state
Made me a looker on here in *Vienna* ;
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the stew : laws, for all faults ;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to th' state ! away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior

Lucio ?

Is this the man that you did tell us of ?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman
bald-pate ;

Do you know me ?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the sound of your
voice : I met you at the prison in the absence of the
Duke ?

Lucio. Oh, did you so ? and do you remember what
you said of the Duke ?

Duke. Most notably, Sir,

Lucio. Do you so, Sir, and was the Duke a flesh-
monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him
to be ?

Duke. You must, Sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you spoke so of him, and much more, much worse.

Lucio. Oh thou damnable fellow! did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the Duke as I love my self.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talked withal; away with him to prison: where is the *Provost*? away with him to prison: lay bolts enough upon him; let him speak no more; away with those gilets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay, Sir, stay a-while.

Ang. What! resists he? help him, *Lucio.*

Lucio. Come, Sir; come, Sir; come, Sir; foh, Sir; why, you bald-pated lying rascal; you must be hooded, must you, shew your knave's visage, with a pox to you; shew your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour: will't not off?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*]

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er mad'st a Duke.

First, *Provost*, let me bail these gentle three.

Sneak not away, Sir; for the *Friar* and you

Must have a word anon; lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down:
[*To Escalus.*]

We'll borrow place of him. Sir, by your leave;

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,

That yet can do thee office? if thou hast,

Rely upon it 'till my tale be heard,

And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,

I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,

To think I can be undiscernable;

When I perceive your grace like pow'r divine,

Hath look'd upon my passes: then, good prince,

No longer session hold upon my shame;

But let my Tryal be my own confession

Immediate

Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, *Mariana* ;

Say ; wast thou e'er contracted to this woman ?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.

Do you the office, *Friar* ; which consummate,
Return him here again : go with him, *Provost*.

[*Exeunt* Angelo, *Mariana*, *Peter*, and *Provost*.]

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, *Isabel* ;

Your *Friar* is now your prince : as I was then
Advertising, and holy to your business,
Not changing heart, with habit, I am still
Attornied at your service.

Isab. Oh, give me pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown Sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, *Isabel* :

And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart :
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd my self,
Labouring to save his life ; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him be so lost : Oh, most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which, I did think, with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose : but peace be with him !
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than that which lives to fear ; make it your comfort ;
So, happy is your brother.

Enter Angelo, *Mariana*, *Peter*, and *Provost*.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For *Mariana's* sake ; but as he adjudg'd your brother,
Being criminal in double violation

Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
 Thereon dependant for your brother's life,
 The very mercy of the law cries out
 Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
 An *Angelo* for *Claudio* ; death for death.
 Hasten still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure ;
 Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*.
 Then, *Angelo*, thy faults are manifested ;
 Which tho' thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage.
 We do condemn thee to the very block,
 Where *Claudio* stoop'd to death ; and with like haste ;
 Away with him.

Mari. O my most gracious lord,
 I hope, you will not mock me with a husband ?

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband,
 Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
 I thought your marriage fit ; else imputation,
 For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
 And choak your good to come : for his possessions,
 Altho' by confiscation they are ours,
 We do enstate and widow you withal,
 To buy you a better husband.

Mari. O my dear lord,
 I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him ; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my liege———

Duke. You do but lose your labour :
 Away with him to death. Now, Sir, to you.

Mari. Oh, my good lord. Sweet *Isabel*, take my part !
 Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
 I'll lend you all my life, to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her ;
 Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
 Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
 And take her hence in horror.

Mari. *Isabel*,
 Sweet *Isabel*, do yet but kneel by me,
 Hold up your hands, say nothing : I'll speak all.
 They say, best men are moulded out of faults ;
 And for the most, become much more the better
 For being a little bad : so may my husband.

Oh,

Oh, *Isabel*! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for *Claudio*'s death.

Isab. Most bounteous Sir, ^m[kneeling.

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,

As if my brother liv'd; I partly think,

A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,

'Till he did look on me; since it is so,

Let him not die. My brother had but justice,

In that he did the thing for which he dy'd;

For *Angelo*, his act did not o'ertake his bad intent;

And must be bury'd but as an intent,

That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects:

Intents, but meerly thoughts.

Mari. Meerly, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up I say.

I have bethought me of another fault.

Provost, how came it, *Claudio* was beheaded

At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your office:

Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord.

I thought, It was a fault, but knew it not;

Yet did repent me, after more advice:

For testimony whereof, one in th' prison,

That should by private order else have dy'd,

I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is *Barnardine*.

Duke. I would, thou had'st done so by *Claudio*:

Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

Escal. I'm sorry, one so learned and so wise

As you, lord *Angelo*, have still appear'd,

Should slip so grossly both in heat of blood,

And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang. I'm sorry, that such sorrow I procure;

And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,

That I crave death more willingly than mercy:

'Tis my deserving, and I do intreat it.

Enter

Enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, and Julietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine* ?

Prov. 'T'his, my lord.

Duke. There was a *Friar* told me of this man :
Sirrah, thou'rt said to have a stubborn soul,
'That apprehends no further than this world ;
And squar'st thy life accordingly : thou'rt condemn'd ;
But for those earthly faults, I quit them all :
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come ; *Friar*, advise him ;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that ?

Prov. This is another prisoner, that I sav'd ;
Who should have dy'd when *Claudio* lost his head ;
As like almost to *Claudio*, as himself.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd ; and for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say, you will be mine,
He is my brother too ; but fitter time for that.
By this, lord *Angelo* perceives he's safe ;
Methinks, I see a quickning in his eye.
Well, *Angelo*, your evil quits you well ;
Look, that you love your wife ; her worth, worth yours.
I find an apt remission in myself,
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward,

[*To Lucio.*

One of all luxury, an ass, a mad-man ;
Wherein have I deserved so of you,
'That you extol me thus ?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to
the trick ; if you will hang me for it, you may : but I
had rather it would please you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, *Provost*, round about the city ;
If any woman, wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself, there's one
Whom he begot with child) let her appear,
And he shall marry her ; the nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio.

Lucio. I beseech your highness, do not marry me to a whore : your highness said even now, I made you a Duke ; good my lord, do not recompence me, in making me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her ; Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithal Remit thy other forfeits ; take him to prison ; And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, Whipping and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a prince deserves it.
She, *Claudio*, that you wrong'd, look, you restore.
Joy to you, *Mariana* : love her, *Angelo* :
I have confes'd her, and I know her virtue:
Thanks, good friend *Escalus*, for thy much goodness ;
There's more behind, that is more gratulate.
Thanks, *Provost*, for thy care and secrecy ;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place ;
Forgive him, *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio's* ;
Th' offence pardons itself. Dear *Isabel*,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
So bring us to our palace, where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*

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